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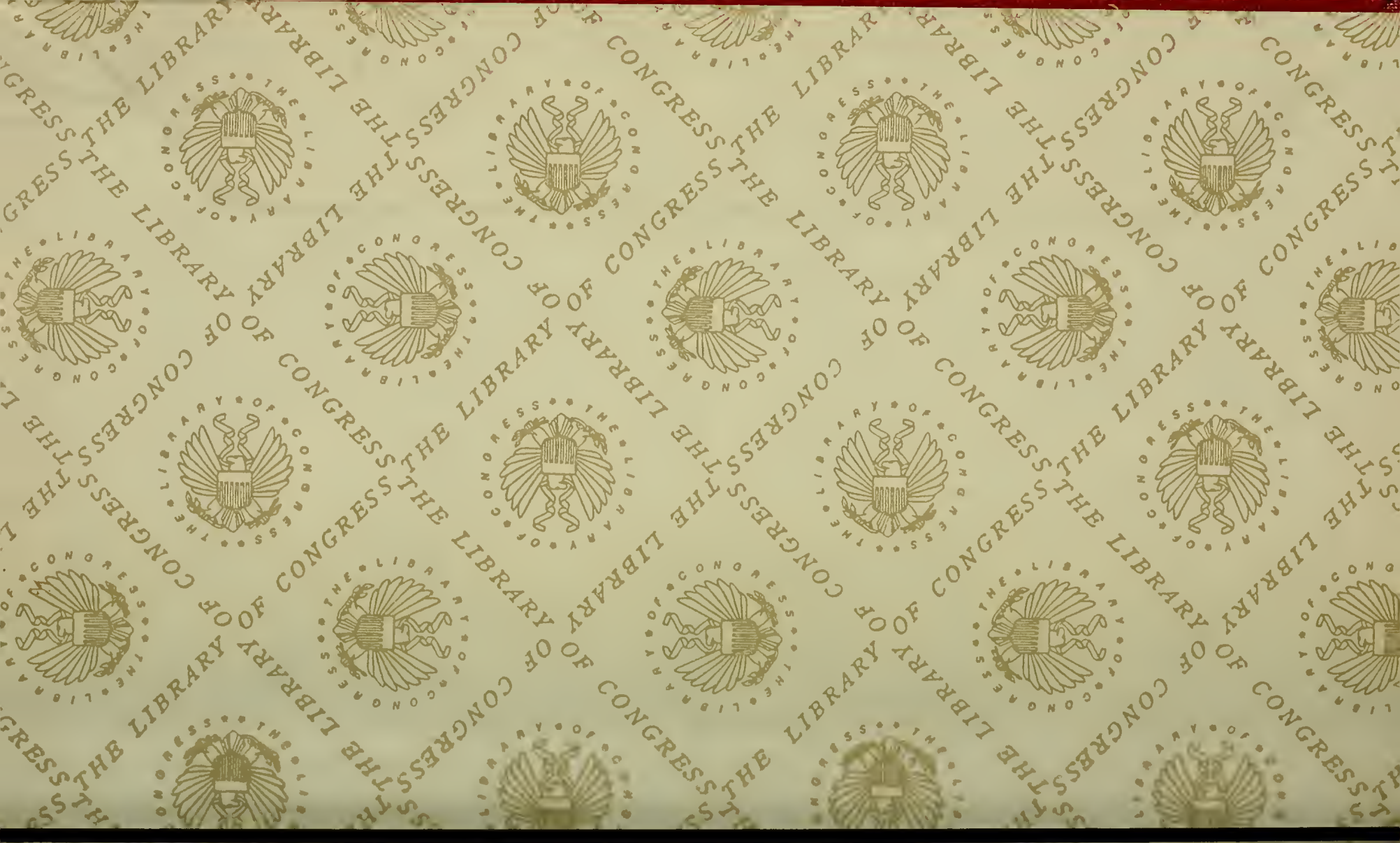
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MY JEWEL.

FOR RECITATION.

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AUTHOR:

DANIEL H. MORRISON,

(RHYMING SOLDIER)

A CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

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PRICE 10 CENTS.

P. O. ADDRESS

Daniel H. Morrison,

GRAND HAVEN, MICH.

OTTAWA COUNTY.

4. I listen, now it seems I hear,
The ship now sinks we're drowning here;
I think just now could I but stay
Destructive waves their work delay.

5. O'er water blue so very bleak
High raging waves now seem to speak
Of friends that sleep within the deep,
Their record borne where Angels keep.

6. The sombre clouds pass swiftly o'er
Dame nature's grand romantic shore;
Terrific scene so dark to me,
I think of God eternity.

7. As I view all it seems like this,
Dark threatening clouds bluffs seem to kiss,
I hasten now to yonder lee,
To that retreat from danger flee.

8. The shepherd's horn sounds quick retreat
The herds they lew the flocks they bleet;
Brave dogs drive all beneath the hill,
To shelter safe where flows the rill.

9. At lonely lee on pleasant knoll
I rest me here from weary stroll;
The wind blows fierce the storm does beat
That comes across the watry sheet.

10. Cries aged sire I seek relief,
Cries charming belle my stay is brief.
I seize my pen and write my mind,
Of storms so great warn all mankind.

(3)

BARTHOLDI STATUE.

1. From heaven shines a cheerful light,
On man's great work a pleasing sight,
Mild zephyrs waft o'er water blue,
*The shade for light resplendent hue.

2. From France a beacon's crossed the sea,
Her genius wrought most perfectly;
In majesty great statute stands
Enlightning nations of all lands.

3. From France a star shone long ago,
O'er freedom's hills, her valleys low,
And now from Bedloe's Isle she lights
Yon ships that sail o'er raging heights.

4. One morning dark, no shining star;
George Washington engaged in prayer,
While watching o'er Columbia then
He prayed for help, he heard amen.

5. His prayer at Valley Forge was heard,
'Twas then God's loving angels stirred
The wise, the brave dear LaFayette;
They whispered low, arise, respect.

6. Columbia's light not gone out yet,
Beneath that cloud now quickly get.
Help Washington with trailing torch
To light that place, Columbia's porch.

7. While at Mount Vernon by his tomb,
Thro' by-gone years came death's sad gloom.
At last through all, bright stars shone [through
Pure galaxy, 'twas heav'n's review.

8. Dear Sailors, brave that watch the skies,
When dashing waves o'er ships arise,
Behold that beacon ever bright
That points you safe both day and night.

9. Bartholdi's statue vigils keep,
For storms were never known to sleep,
Keep safe this trust, the sailor's guide,
Columbia's trust, the world's great pride.

*Watery clouds that cause the rainbow, by the sun shining on them.

(4)

THE EAGLE'S HOME.

The author, while strolling in the woods of Michigan, (Muskegon county) for recreation, found an eagle's nest, which induced him to write the following lines:

1. Alone I stoll in woodland fair,
Near lake so blue. I wish to share
Dame Nature's grand and bright display,
I now behold in bright array.

2. Fine birds here sing their cheerful lays;
To me, it seems like rendering praise.
Bright flowers here bedeck my way,
A pretty sight it is in May.

3. The Nation's bird of mighty sway
Flies 'round and 'round, as much to say:
"Why come you here against my will?"
In accents loud and very shrill.

4. I look around and find their nest,
Their little ones in quiet rest.
Pa eagle comes with dainty food
And shares it with their tender brood.

5. Those eagles now a council hold,
Those eagles brave, so wise and bold;
Ma eagle shakes her wise bald head,
"That man near by I surely dread."

6. Bald eagle pa to mate so fair:
"He is our friend, that soldier there;
"I'm sure he knew pa 'Abe' full well,
"In battles great, when soldiers fell."

7. Young eagles "Sam" and "Abe" peek out
They look so queer, peek all about.
Their sister, fair Columbia, smiles;
The greatest dame 'bove queenly styles.

8. The Nation's bird from nest doth fly,
He soars unto the heavenly sky;
He portrays grand the Nation's rise,
Most brilliant scene beneath the skies.

8. He soars, again he soars anew,
O'er Freedom's land, o'er water blue,
On Liberty's pole he lights with ease,
Where waves the flag in Heaven's breeze.

10. I called one day, the next July,
Beheld their nest in pine so high;
They all had left, were soaring o'er
Dear freedom's land, from shore to shore.

(5)

Albany's Bi-Centennial.

1. From Holland's shore across the deep,
A colony came to sow and reap;
'Twas nature's wild they sought for homes,
From childhood's scenes bedecked with domes.

2. They found earthworks 'mid flowing stream
Upon an Isle 'twas fair and green;
Some French had built on Isle so fair,
Me thinks they'd left in deep despair.

3. Along the stream their flag did wave,
They built their fort, those men so brave;
The orange fort 'twas known by all,
The place to seek when harm did fall.

4. The year sixteen and twenty-four,
Just eighteen families—and no more,
'Mid hardships great, those men of might
Did weild the ax, 'twas their delight.

5. Then boys worked hard oft chased the deer,
They brought good venison with bright cheer.

Fine birds then sang on lofty trees,
Fair girls through stubble gathered [sheaves.

6. Dear friends please note the awful change,
The lion roared so very strange,
"Then pounced upon that Holland band,
He took their fort, he took their land.

7. The year sixteen and eighty-six
King Charles her charter then did fix,
And Dongan's name is signed there too,
Without his name then would not do.

8. Albany was walled, had six gates strong,
Then to Old England did belong;
Our homes are saved from all misrule,
The Nation's foes we've sent to school.

9. They bought their land of Indians here,
They fought all foes, none did they fear
The tomahawk when thrown up stairs
Fair heroine with pistol dares.

10. When in our land sad war did rage,
The storm of war they did assuage;
Great were our fathers of that age,
Their sons the same on life's great stage.

11. Both man and wife, their loving child,
Were slain by fiends so mad and wild;
And when their homes were wrapped in [flame
True to their God they praised his name.

12. The prosperous tree they here did plant,
Beneath its boughs we praise in chant.
Friends think of that bright Holland band
That started first in our great land.

13. Our flag of freedom safely floats!
No more we see those firy coats,

We've floged all foes we did condemn,
Our motto reads as theirs did then.

14. Albany is rich and famous too,
One hundred thousand souls her due,
Two hundred years have rolled around
Since this great town her charter found.

15. For this world's good, please write in gold.
Albany's centennials now as told,
Where all may read and all may see
From all oppression we are free.

16. Dear ladies of our land so bright,
Your honor due no oversight;
The hand that rocks the little one,
To save our land gives up her son.

(6)

A Scene in Montana A. D. 1889.

1. In my lone home not one bright ray,
I'll haste away, I cannot stay,
I'll mount my steed without delay,
O'er plain afar I'll speed away.

2: Her noble steed now does his best,
The speed of wind he seems to test:
Her bonnet gone her head is bare,
Her glossy locks stream in the air.

3. No need to urge her fleety steed,
He is so fast, so fast indeed,
O'er boundless plain with fleety stride,
That graceful form he bares with pride.

4. A cowboy cries, why see, why see,
Way yonder there what can it be,
Tom Leiter says it is my wife,
No faster can one ride for life.

N. B,—Continued on page 16.

(7)

The Battle of Bunker Hill.

1. In old south church, its steeple high,
Paul hung a light to warn friends nigh,
Of Britain's march when all was still,
On Lexington, near Bunker Hill.

2. Then Paul Revere rode very fast,
And cri'd aloud, save all thou hast;
Response then heard the world did thrill,
Red coats shall leave near Bunker Hill.

3. At Lexington, the British then,
Drew up their line of cruel men;
On freemen fire, 'tis England's drill,
To shoot good men near Bunker Hill.

4. Nine martyrs fell, seems hard to tell—
Their comrades fired and drove pell mell;
Much British blood they then did spill,
Along the road near Bunker Hill.

5. Cries England's brave, my wig is lost,
Stamp act and tea dear England's cost;
No English ships rich missions fill,
To this bright shore near Bunker Hill.

6. On Bunker Hill that very night,
They were entrench'd near Britain's sight;
Brave Warren says: "Boys shoot to kill,"
Those brittons there near Bunker Hill.

7. Then echo'd loud the killing fire,
The British whip'd did soon retire;
The Sage then wrote and drap'd his quill,
Brave Warren's fell on Bunker Hill.

8. Brave men were slain, but did repay
Those brittons then that very day;
George Washington then fill'd the bill,
He took command near Bunker Hill.

9. At last they sail'd for Yorktown shore,
The lion mad, did loudly roar;
The eagle then dos'd him with pill,
That made him run from Bunker Hill.

10. Said Washington, with stars and stripes
King George's tears no freeman wipes;
You'd better leave and stay until
Time's known no more on Bunker Hill.

11. Could jealous foes but reach the top,
The stars and stripes would surely drop;
But God forbids, 'tis his good will,
The free shall rule, dear Bunker Hill.

12. Great monument for soldiers tried,
On Bunker Hill they fought and died,
To save our flag that's floating still,
From sea to sea o'er Bunker Hill.

(8)

Summer's Resort.

1. In Summer's heat, Oh! what a treat,
In shady grove where many meet;
The cheerful belle with escort fair
Enjoy this scene so rich and rare.

2. The aged too with cheerful smile,
Behold this scene in sagely style,
Romance so great and work of men.
All craft that sail high bluff and fen.

3. The nation's bird here builds its nest,
And rears its young safe from the rest;
It soars from all so very high,
Kings watch its flight with jealous eye.

4. The whip-poor-will, that bird so gay,
At evening sings, and break of day
While other birds on perch they rest,
Sings whippoorwill through vale o'er crest.

5. The birds now sing in highest glee,
Their songs they sing to all are free,
Harm not dear birds, God sent them here;
All souls on earth to ever cheer.

6. Of all we see in our behalf,
For this world's good none can tell half;
Columbia's horn of plenty tips,
And with life's need fills foreign ships.

7. Look all around just now dear friends,
Just see what God unto us sends.
So many things to please the taste,
I'll name no more, I'll close in haste.

8, O'er water blue appears afar
Our emblem pure with ev'ry star
O'er hill and dale, o'er mountain too
The stars and stripes bears victories new.

(9)

My Choice.

1. Saint James the second is my choice,
In this great chapter I rejoice,
In this good chapter you'll find
Our Saviour to the poor is kind.

2. Respect to persons will not do,
Prove meek and lowly humble too;
Pure souls we know are never mean,
Humanity always their theme.

3. But wilt thou know just now vain man,
Faith without work is not God's plan,
Christ bids us help poor worthy souls,
Yes float life's ship that's cast on shoals.

4. The righteous by good deeds are known,
Bright deeds of mercy they've sown
Has brought relief to many a hearth;
They feed the poor in time of dearth.

5. Our Savior to this world hath said:
"Faith without work is surely dead;"
The poor that love our Savior dear
Are Christ's own heirs, they've naught to
[fear.

(10)

SCENES OF YOUTH.

1. From youthful scenes of by-gone days,
Reflection oft brings cheering rays,
Fond home of youth my birth place fair
Where friends with me there joy did share.

2. Where school mates met with anxious face
To learn in school, then play and chase;
Where lad and lass from spring did drink,
Of these dear friends I often think.

3. One scene I yet remember well,
How pioneers to us did tell
How hostiles mad good people slew,
And burned their all while roaming
[through.

4. Through forest grand the hunting ground
Where youth has strolled much granduer
[found
'Twas there we heard the warning hound,
The water's roar its dashing sound.

5. From labor hard sometimes a stroll
Would rest me much and cheer my soul,
While viewing stream of centurie's toil,
That's forced its way through rock and soil.

6. The crystal stream from hill, from heath,
Its constant flow so far beneath,
Grand hills and bluffs that guard each side
And stays the spread of swelling tide.

7. Great ships propelled by sail and steam,
Takes friends we love to lands extreme,
And life's great need ships carry too,
To friends afar o'er raging blue.

8. Historic towns we gladly hail,
While passing through the lovely vale
Where youth did seek with great delight
Romance so grand the greatest sight.

9. The telegraph was not known then,
The greatest prize for all great men;
With lightning speed it sends dear thought
'Neath raging seas o'er land throughout.

10. The eagle's flight surmounting all,
Youth oft has viewed, oft did recall
Great victories won that youth did shield,
From hostiles mad that had to yield.

11. This much we know is proving true,
Where honor rules pure souls subdue,
All wickedness that wounds the soul,
All vanity, wise folks control.

12. Dear friends we loved, this world has left,
The spring yet flows near rock that's cleft,
The church stands yet where we did hear
God's blessed word to all so dear.

13. At three score three I dimly see
Those grand old homes where used to be
Dear friends we loved, but they've gone;
The evening waits the morning's dawn.

(11)

DECORATION.

1. Of fallen hero's now we speak,
Their graves on hills and plains so bleak,
Yes, in the raging water blue,
Bivouac's of hero's are found too.

2. We drape the red, the white and blue
For hero's dead once known so true,
True to our flag so bright and fair
In hard fought battles they did share.
3. The living now in solemn tread
March to the city of the dead;
We decorate their graves now green
With flowers bright as ever seen.
4. With loving hearts and tender hands,
We decorate in loving bands
While flowers bright we cheerfully strew,
Old victorie's won appear anew.
5. Those hero's fought for freedom pure,
And as they fought much did endure,
There marches on through cold and heat,
Then found the foe, they did defeat.
6. And living soldiers did the same,
And as they fought through smoke and [flame,
They free'd the slave and broke the chain
That bound him once cannot again.
7. All living know the time is brief,
Soldiers with us will ask relief,
Which they well earned by fighting foes,
Speed justice now death overthrows.
8. Friends soothe the soldiers troubled brow,
He soon will leave, O soothe it now,
Yes place a light on life's rough way
To cheer all souls both night and day.
9. God only knows who'll meet again,
And decorate those graves the same;
More graves will surely be found here,
Seek Jesus now while he is near.
10. Grand army of the Lord above,
Enlist in that where all is love,
Christ is the Captain kind and true,
He'll lead you safe, he'll lead you through.

Continued from page 9.

5. There's something wrong at home I know,
She rides so fast I know its so,
She dashes in the cowboy throng,
Her noble steed pants fast and long.

6. Dear husband dear death all defies,
Our mother's dead she faintly cries;
From both fall fast the silent tear,
They mourn for her, their mother dear.

7. With trembling hand he places mane,
Of his grand steed 'neath bridle rein,
With choking voice my right hand man
Take charge of herd the best you can.

8. To that brave band they bid adieu,
Soon disappear 'neath 'therial blue,
To their lone home o'er plain so far
For burial then they must prepare.

9. Those cowboys all said we must do
Something for friends so kind and true,
A purse they raise to pay expense,
A generous act, void of pretence.

10 One of that band two ponies take,
Rides all night long, till morning break,
A coffin gets in Billings Town,
Gives it to them in grief bowed down.

11. They dig a grave north of their cot,
For her they loved, none had forgot;
Pall bearers all, the Pastor too;
Were cowboys all in cowboy hue.

12. Such tenderness from such kind hearts,
Much tenderness to all imparts,
When seeking friends on this great earth
You'll find them at the humble hearth.

THE END.

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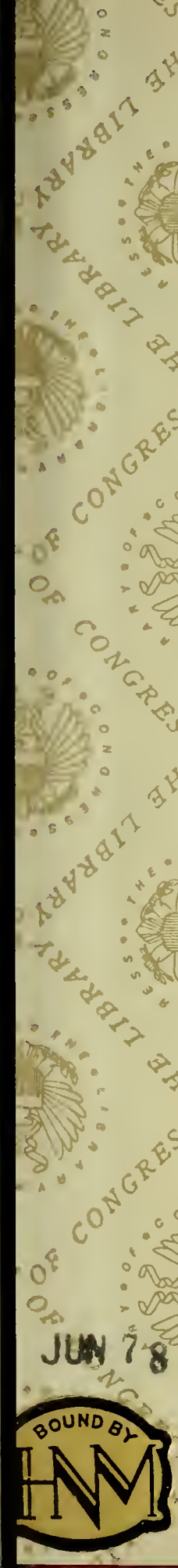

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